

COUNTY OFFICERS.	
J. P. Hahn.	C. C. Davis.
O. J. Bell.	Wm. Putnam.
Wm. Putnam.	W. F. Davis.
W. F. Davis.	W. H. Davis.
A. H. Swarthout.	A. Taylor.
Judge of Probate.	M. J. Connine.
C. C. Connine.	N. E. Britt.
W. H. Sherman.	W. H. Haynes.
Surrogate.	
Wm. C. Johnson.	
Wm. C. Johnson.	Dr. S. Revell.
South Branch.	W. H. James.
Bearer Creek.	L. J. Conaway.
Maple Forest.	M. J. Connine.
Grayling.	M. S. Dilley.
Frederickville.	L. B. Fletcher.
Ball.	
Center Plains.	Wm. Woodburn.

W. M. WOODWORTH,

Physician and Surgeon,
GRAYLING, MICH.U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions,
Graduate of University of Mich. 1853,
Office with J. M. Finn.
Residence with A. J. Rose.
Office hours 9 to 12 a. m. 6 to 9 p. m.

MAIN J. CONNINE,

Attorney at Law,
GRAYLING, MICH.W. MASTERS, NOTARY PUBLIC—Con-
tracts, Mortgages, etc., etc.A. H. SWARTHOUT,
Counselor and Solicitor.
REAL ESTATE AND INS. AGENT.
Special facilities for making col-
lections in any part of the Union.
Conveyancing a Specialty.

GRAYLING, MICH.

E. PURCHASE,
Proprietor of

CITY LIVERY STABLE.

First-class rigs to let at all hours at
reasonable prices. Bus to and from
Portage Lake every Sabbath, leaving
the Grayling House 8 a. m. and 2 p. m.,
returning 12 m. and 6 p. m.

T. A. DEAN,

Notary Public,
FREDERICVILLE, MICH.General conveyancing, deeds, mort-
gages, contracts, etc., promptly attend-
ed to. Office at residence.N. E. BRITT,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.Surveying in all of its branches, in-
cluding leveling, promptly attended to.

GRAYLING, MICH.

REST not, life is fleeting
by, go and dare, before you die, some-
thing mighty and su-

lime leave behind to conquer time.

\$65 a week in your own town, \$8 out-
fit free; no risk; everything now; cap-
ital not required; we will furnish you

everything; many are making fortunes;

ladies make as much as men, boys and

girls make great pay. Reader, if you

want business at which you can make

great pay all the time, write for partic-
ulars to H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

PROBATE NOTICE.—State of Michigan—

County of Crawford.—As a witness to the probate of the estate of

John C. Hallett, in the Probate Office in

Grayling on Saturday the twenty-

sixth day of May, in the year one thousand eight

hundred and eighty-five, I, A. H. Taylor, Judge of Probate,

in the matter of the Estate of John C. Hallett,

deceased.

On reading and duly verifying the petition, duly verified,

On reading and duly verifying that the residue of

estate may be assigned to him.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Thursday the twenty-

day of June, at two o'clock p. m., in the

Court House, hearing of said petition, and

the hearing of said defense, and all

other persons interested in said estate, and

to appear before the Probate Office in the village of

Grayling, and show cause if any there be, why

the player of the petitioners, and the

defendant in the petition, and all persons

interested in said estate, and all persons

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN

TO A BEAUTIFUL STRANGER.

BY JOHN O. SAGE.

A dance, a smile—I see it yet!
A moment ere the train was starting;
How strange to tell! We scarcely met,
And yet I felt a pang at parting.
And you'll kiss that all the while
Till above who am confessing!
What thought was lurking in your smile,
Is quite beyond my simple guessing.

Only know these beastly rays
Awoke in me a strange emotion.
Which, basking in their warmer blaze,
Perhaps might kindle to devotion.

Ah! many a heart is aching at this.
By emitting lips allured from duty,
Has sunk in passion's dark abyss—
"Wrecked on the coral reefs of beauty!"

And so 'twell the train's swift flight,
That bore away my charming stranger,
Took her—God bless her!—out of sight,
And me, as quickly out of danger!

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Miss Abigail Burz was a little brown old maid, who lived in a little brown old house with her cat Debby, and her woman-of-all-work, Prudence, sharp of tongue, and long of visage, herself. There was nothing of grace, nor sweet ness about Miss Abigail's life; everything was dry and hard and husky. Indeed, some people were so uncharitable as to say that her heart was like a very much dried-up kernel in a nut-shell, and would rot if she were to be shaken hard enough. But I never believed that. I always said there was a soft spot in Miss Abigail's heart, to be found when the time came to find it.

One spring twilight boy opened Miss Abigail's garden gate and walked up the path between the rows of sprawling lilacs. He was not a boy who lived about Capertown, or he would not have dared venture, I am sure, for Prudence's sake, beside having nothing to venture for. He was an unkempt, starved-looking specimen of humanity. His coat was a world too long and patched at the elbows, and his trousers a world too short and patched at the knees. His hat was guiltless of brim, and through a hole in the crown bobbed a little tuft of hair, which had once been brown, but now woefully faded.

He went straight up to Miss Abigail's porch steps. Miss Abigail was sitting in the porch in her high-backed rocking-chair, so intent on binding off her stocking-heel that she heard neither the click of the gate-latch nor the footstep on the hard-trodden path, and she did not look up until the boy's figure interposed itself between her work and the fading sunset light.

He doffed his tattered hat-crown. "If you please, ma'am, will you—may I have something to eat?" It was not at all a tramp's manner of asking; there was a manliness in his voice which Miss Abigail could not help noticing. Perhaps that was the reason she looked at the boy sharply for a moment before she answered. "In that moment, Prudence, tell me again, stood in the door, with a shawl thrown over her head, and her right hand swathed in soft cotton.

"I'll have to get Jones Burrows to do the milkin', Miss Abigail," said she. "I can't burn up my hand that bad." The boy looked up quickly. "Can't I—could I milk for you?" As I have intimated, Prudence did not like boys, and that she sometimes expressed her dislike in a very forcible manner, many of the village urchins could testify. Now, she surveyed this boy, standing by the porch steps, from his bare head, not forgetting the faded little tuft, in dumb astonishment.

"You might let him try, Prudence," said Miss Abigail, thinking dubiously of the nervous, mouse-colored Alderney in the yard.

"I chores on a farm all last summer," explained the boy, eagerly, glancing from mistress to maid. "I want some supper—I eat a lot," he said, "so I'll split some kindlings, and I'll milk for you this morning, if you want me to."

Prudence brought the milk pail without a word. But when she had prepared Miss Abigail's morning meal, she made ready a good, substantial breakfast for Barry, also. When he had eaten it he took up his hat crown.

"I dunno," answered Prudence.

Barry heard and turned. "I guess it's because you leave the old blossoms on," he said, hesitatingly. "Mother used to say, 'I must pick the blossoms off one year if I wanted any next.'"

"You can't do it," she said to Miss Abigail, who brought her knitting work into the kitchen. "The heifer will send him sky-high!"

But he could, and he did. Soon he appeared in the doorway, his pail brimming with snowy foam.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Prudence.

"You didn't think I could?" asked the boy, smiling brightly.

"No, I didn't," admitted Prudence; and straightway, in her astonishment, she added to his fare a segment of rhubarb pie.

"Ain't he got as good a mess o' milk from the heifer as I could ha' done myself with a well hand?" Prudence went on.

"Yes, he would have been handy about milking and getting the wood for you," said Miss Abigail.

"An' bringin' the letters from the postoffice," continued Prudence. "It's a good piece over to the village in muddy walkin'."

"So it is," said Miss Abigail. She gazed reflectively along the road which

wound serpentine to the little hamlet a mile away. Barry was climbing the hill, a mere, pitiful, lonely speck in the distance as he was a mere, insignificant atom in the great body of humanity. Miss Abigail's eyes filled.

"We might have kept him," she said. "Taint too late yet," put in Prudence.

The two women looked into each other's eyes.

"If you can make him hear," began Miss Abigail.

For answer Prudence strode to the kitchen and sent a long, quivering cry after Barry.

"D—o—o—o!"

But the little figure they were watching plodded steadily on.

"Gimme the old tin horn out o' the kitchen, Miss Abigail!" called Prudence, excitedly.

Miss Abigail, still a spinster that she was, without thought of the indelicacies of the proceeding, ran to the kitchen, snatched the horn from its nail and ran out with it to Prudence.

Prudence put it to her lips and blew a blast so long and so loud that it startled the bird into silence and set the echoes ringing from hillside to hillsides.

"He'll hear that if he can hear anything," she muttered.

He did. He stopped. Prudence flounced the horn in frantic excitement. There was a moment of suspense, and then Prudence turned to Miss Abigail, who was standing by the gate.

"He's a comin' back," she said.

When Barry, breathless with the haste he had made, reached the cottage, Miss Abigail was on the porch.

"We made up our minds to keep you," she said, "so long as you don't give too much trouble."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am!" cried Barry. "Indeed, I'll try to please you!"

I am sure he has succeeded, for the blossoms have been in bloom three times since that morning, and he is with Miss Abigail yet, growing tall and strong and manly as the years go by. He tells the bit of a farm which had so long lain unimproved, and in winter school at the village, where he is in excellent repute. He is so faithful and kind that Prudence is fair to apothecaries the horn after this fashion:

"Blossom, as blossom does; as you are deservin' of a bed o' black velvet, ole hon, for the deed you done that day."

HOUSE-CLEANING MAID.

The best recommendation we have ever seen offered to women for cleaning wood-work is that given by a lady contributor in the *Rural New Yorker*.

She says wood-work is easier cleaned on washing days when it has been unpolished by the steam from the tubs.

She then adds (the best of all): "But be sure you do not overwork yourself."

"Oh, dear! I am tired out," exclaimed Mrs. Shoppingham; "you can't have parcels sent to the depot now without paying you know, and in an economical fit I've been living this all day."

It appears from statistics that the most positive insurer of longevity was to

be a body servant of God. Washington

and command, say more, he may even

grow profane and swear a little, but it

makes no difference; the poor, inde

patient housewife only sighs and says,

"Well, we can't live in the dirt, that's

certain, and so the work must be done."

And it is done. From cellar to garret,

for days, broom and mop, hot-water

and soap-suds reign supreme. At last,

after wife and servant, if she has any,

and heaven help her if she hasn't, are

physically exhausted, and the husband

has become almost a hypochondriac,

the dreaded work is accomplished, and

again, for a brief season, you may enjoy

the old-time pleasures of home. But

with each returning spring and fall

comes this bane of modern housekeeping,

"cleaning house." Not only here

but at other times does the housewife

overwork herself. In too many instances it is because she cannot avoid it; it is because her arduous and imperative duties, the mending and darning, the cooking and sewing, and the numberless details of her daily life, are such that she finds no time for rest and

recuperation. But there are cases where

the wife is energetic, industrious—and

ambitious to have everything in apple-pie order that she daily does many things which seriously tax her strength

that could be left undone without any loss to the comfort and happiness of the home. And the fact is painfully apparent that many women, in their enthusiasm over their household affairs, forget entirely that nature can't and won't stand everything, and before they are aware of it their wonted health and strength is gone. How important then to pay attention to the injunction we have given, "Don't overwork yourself!"

One can work, but in a way that will

prove a blessing, not an injury.—

Prairie Farmer.

A COUNTRY REED-OR-YEOMAN.

Is it a young man? It is a young man. He is dressed in fine style. Yes, because he is a fashionable young man. What are those white things at his wrists? Those are cuffs. You thought they were white bulletins boards, didn't you? "Oh, no, they are only cuffs. Why does he keep his fingers spread out so wide? He does it to prevent his cuffs dragging on the ground.—The Drummer.

"Well, he got as good a mess o' milk from the heifer as I could ha' done myself with a well hand," Prudence went on.

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PLEASANTRIES.

"NEXT to religion there is nothing like a circus," said an Arkansas deacon, as he watched his favorite son crowd under a tent.

A MAN has invented a chair that can be adjusted to 800 different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when he goes to church.

INQUIRER.—"What objection is there to going fishing on Sunday?" What? Why, the objection that you're likely to find all the good places occupied.

DR. HORNIG—"I'd be bad air, bad whisky, and irregular habits keep the doctors alive. There! Let those who have urged that those things are injurious be ever more silent.—Somerville Journal.

THE telephone is very popular in Texas. A man can get out of a range and call a man a liar, and enjoy a feeling of personal safety that was unknown before the invention of the telephone.—George Peck.

Did you ever shake hands with a beautiful girl 20 years of age, and instead of letting her hand lie in yours like a sick fish, give you a good, healthy grasp? If you have, you know what solid comf'y is.

A YOUNG politician explained the fatigued condition of his trowsers to his father by stating that he was sitting under an apple tree, enjoying himself, when the farmer's dog came along and contested his coat.

"POOR, sir!" politico said a barber to a cranky customer in his chair. "No," he growled; "I don't want any oleomargarine on my head." "All right, sir," replied the crusty manipulator. "I never put butter on cutlages."

A MAN in Baltimore, now 70 years of age, has been married thirteen times. He ought to marry the Pennsylvania widow who has laid away nine husbands. It would be a sort of life-saving institution.—Harford Sunday Journal.

The average stay of servant girls in families is less than seven weeks, taking the country over. That it should take the wives of this country, on the average, seven weeks to catch their husbands making eyes at the girls, is a disgrace to their sharpness.—Boston Post.

THE "course of true love" traced by letters in a breach-of-promise suit in New York ran in this manner: "My darling, Deany." "My own darling Deany." "My own, dearest darling, 'Your loving Baby'." "Your own loving Pet." "My own darling Love." "My darling Ben," "Friend Ben." And all was over.

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exclaimed Mrs. Shoppingham; "you can't have parcels sent to the depot now without paying you know, and in an economical fit I've been living this all day."

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after wife and servant, if she has any,

and heaven help her if she hasn't, are

physically exhausted, and the husband

has become almost a hypochondriac,

the dreaded work is accomplished, and

its people by robbing us all of his bodyguard, the housekeeper.

Our Government has at last taken decisive action to prevent Great Britain from loading her paupers in this country.

Having tried every possible means, except those of

humanity and justice, to remove them

and more, the Government has resorted to

the extreme measure of sending them

back to Great Britain.

Assisted Emigration.

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THE AVALANCHE.

S. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, July 12, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Now go for the whortleberry.

Mrs. A. H. Swarthout returned home yesterday.

R. D. Connine moved into his new residence Tuesday.

Lawyer Connine will soon be occupying his new office.

The "heavy weights" were on the "running jump" yesterday afternoon.

The sound of the hammer and saw is heard within close proximity to our residence.

The new building being erected by M. S. Hartwick will soon be ready for occupancy.

Mr. Chee, Harder returned Tuesday night from his visit to Bancroft, Shivassee county.

It is reported that a free ride will be given on Portage Lake in the new boat lately launched next Sunday.

Louis Knibbles, Ludington says: "I have never found anything to equal Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic."

C. E. Strunk has moved into the house lately erected by Mr. Ormsby, of Deersfield, on Peninsula avenue.

Miss Hannah Hanson, of Manistee, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. Hanson. Miss Hanson is a sister to Mr. Hanson.

Beaver Creek township is making rapid strides in improvements. Read ad. "Notice to Builders" in another column.

From and after this date (July 12), books may be drawn from and returned to the township library every day excepting Sundays.

Dr. O. Palmer departed Sunday night on a business trip to Toledo, Hudson, Hillsdale and Jonesville. He is expected to return this week.

The Ladies' Aid Society's social will be held on Friday afternoon and evening of this week at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Woodworth. All kindly invited.

A pocket-book containing a small amount of change, and a lady's cuff, plus left at this office for rightful owners. Call and pay for this notice and take 'em away.

In our Fourth of July items of last week we stated that "Mr. Gus" gave a free exhibition of eating under water, etc. The type should have read, "Mr. Gus, Light."

Mrs. Wm. Porter and Mrs. F. Cheppell, who have been visiting Mrs. O. J. Bell for the past week or two, departed for their homes—Springport, Jackson county—Tuesday night.

Dr. E. M. Roscoe and Mr. J. E. Barrett Sunday at Otsego Lake. They report the people at the lake as very hospitable and entertaining, making their short sojourn exceedingly pleasant.

Messrs. H. Mantz & Co. have launched their new boat, "Mary Mantz," and lumbering operations on Portage Lake are being pushed with rapidity and precision, characteristic of that firm.

A lot of nice little frames, just the size for the photographic views lately taken of prominent buildings, etc., in this city, just received by C. E. Strunk at the AVALANCHE office. Call in and see them.

The oration on the Fourth by Rev. Wm. Putnam is spoken in high words of commendation as being a very fine effort, showing much historical research and profound thought.—Otsego Herald.

The Jonesville Independent entered upon its 29th year last week with every promise of continued prosperity. It is one of the finest local papers in the State, and is appreciated and well sustained by the people of that locality.

Two teams and workmen began operations yesterday on the knoll on Peninsula avenue, in front of the court house square, grading it down and dumping the dirt into the hollow on Michigan avenue at intersection of Peninsula. A much-needed improvement, and one which when complete will add beauty to our already beautiful little city.

Mr. Joseph Sewell wishes to announce to the people of Pere Cheney and surrounding country that he has in stock a general assortment of Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, etc., which he is disposing of at the lowest prices for cash. Give him a call and be convinced.

5-m3

At Cheney, Tuesday, John McCarty was arrested for keeping saloon open on Sunday and tried. Prosecuting attorney Swarthout appeared for the people. McCarty was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$30 and be imprisoned in the county jail 15 days. Henry Ball was also arrested for selling liquor without a license, and trial adjourned until the 18th inst. [We learn since the foregoing was put in type that McCarty has appealed to the circuit court and is under 1224 t. 15 days.

A new school house is being erected in district No. 3.

P. M. Hoy raised a barn Tuesday. Dimensions, 33x39. Forty-two of the Maple Foresters turned out and gave him a hand.

Contribute.

Road "Michigan" on line 1,000.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR AVALANCHE:

Stopping in your town a few days, and having looked it over a little for the first, by your permission I will say a few words through your columns.

By the reading of your paper, and the correspondence of friends residing here, we had before this formed a very favorable opinion of Grayling, and we are happy to say that on seeing it we do not have to discount our estimate; indeed, on sight we were very forcibly impressed with the evidences of thrift, enterprise and taste which abound on every hand.

Your depot, in point of taste, comparative capacity and convenience, has few equals, and is such as to give a sense of rest and comfort to the traveler on his first entrance. Have not entered your hotel, but judge from its exterior and surroundings that it is of the same character. Neither have we looked into the dining room connected with the depot, but from its reputation conclude that its tables abound with viands suited to the most epicurean taste.

Your business houses and permanent dwellings seem to be substantial, symmetrical, and otherwise in good taste, while the sound of the axe, the saw and the hammer tell of many others on the way of rapid construction.

We were especially impressed with the symmetry, beauty and good taste manifested in your new school house. It certainly is a credit to the man who planned it, is an honor to your people, will be an ornament to your town, and if manned with teachers of ability comparing well with the house, no doubt graduates will go out from its walls well stored with a knowledge of the branches taught. We understand that Miss Eleanore Havens, a graduate of the State Normal school at Potsdam, N. Y., has been recommended as teacher for the primary department, and tho unskilled and without the knowledge of anyone personally interested, I would say that the board may think themselves fortunate if they secure her services; for, while she is well qualified for any position for which she might apply, she is especially adapted to this, and in our judgment, in real effectiveness she is equal to two of the average teacher, having had several years of experience. We know her well and do not overestimate her standing in her native State, where well known.

C. E. Strunk has moved into the house lately erected by Mr. Ormsby, of Deersfield, on Peninsula avenue.

Mr. E. B. Rose and Mrs. Dr. Woodworth assisted, and we think those of our citizens who were so fortunate as to be present will bear me out in the assertion that no traveling troupe in America could have given us a richer treat of its kind. At the close a collection was taken for the benefit of Mr. Kelley and family, which amounted to \$5.70. [Since the foregoing was put in type we learn the gentleman to be Prof. Shultz, of Detroit.]

MARRIED.

In Grayling, on Saturday, July 7th, 1883, at the residence of C. E. Strunk, by Rev. Wm. Putnam, Mr. Albert Rodrick and Miss Mattie C. Silsbee, both of this city.

May peace and prosperity ever attend the happy couple.

• • •

A SUCCESSFUL FARMER.

One more of the evidences that are adduced in support of the assertion that successful farms can be made on pine plains lands, is that of N. H. Evans of South Branch.

Mr. Evans came from Montezuma county a year ago last September, none too well provided with this world's goods, with no ground cleared and only the shell of a house up. Since that time he has completed a fine two-story house, cleared and fenced over 30 acres of ground, and in addition, with the help of two sons, has earned nearly \$1,200.

He has now his entire cleared ground in crops, which are in splendid condition, especially his rye. It stands very strong, there being 30 to 40 straws in the stool, a great deal of it being six feet five inches high by actual measurement; and the entire field averaging over five feet in height. This crop is sown on ground that has been only plowed the second time. His wheat is also very fine—first plowing—and will average 20 bushels to the acre.

His farm is one of the model ones of northern Michigan, and he is one of the model farmers, and the success he has achieved is but one more link in the chain of evidence in support of the claim that a farmer who understands his business and attends to it, cannot fail in making a good and profitable farm on pine plains land.—Zalmon's paper.

NOTICE TO BUILDERS.

The undersigned committee will receive sealed proposals for the building of a school house in district No. 3, in township of Beaver Creek, Crawford Co., Mich., up to Saturday, July 25th, 1883. Bids to be left at the residence of T. E. Hastings, Wellington, P. O. Specifications may be seen at the post office in Grayling, Cheney, and Wellington. The committee reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

J. P. HANNA,
T. E. HASTINGS,
F. E. CRIGO,
Committee,
BEAVER CREEK, July 10, 1883.

MAPLE FOREST.

EDITOR AVALANCHE:

We notice in the AVALANCHE about every week reports of crops growing on the plains, but have not as yet observed anything concerning the hard-wood lands of our locality; consequently I drop you a few lines, which please use if you can find the room. Henry Knibbles has 13 acres of pot- totes which are looking splendidly.

Wm. H. Sherman has a piece of corn which he says cannot be beat between here and the Saginaw valley. And we guess he speaks truly. Hay is a big crop for the season.—Wheat and oats will be a big crop from present indications.

A new school house is being erected in district No. 3.

P. M. Hoy raised a barn Tuesday. Dimensions, 33x39. Forty-two of the Maple Foresters turned out and gave him a hand.

Contribute for your home paper.

A. H. SWARTHOUT, Real Estate & Ins'nce AGENCY

Two houses and nine lots on Cedar street; two houses and three lots on Peninsular avenue; two houses and five lots, and two store lots on Michigan avenue, for sale.

Over 3,000 acres of pine lands and 400 acres of farming lands, improved, for sale.

INSURANCE. We represent more companies than any agency in Northern Michigan and insure at lower rates.

Agents for Rose's addition to Grayling.

Money to loan on good security.

A. H. Swarthout.

FOR

JOB PRINTING

Of All Kinds, go to the

AVALANCHE OFFICE

LETTER HEADS,

NOTE HEADS,

BILL HEADS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

CALLING CARDS,

Posters,

Envelopes,

Invitations, Etc.

Printed with Neatness and Dispatch.

PRICES REASONABLE

GIVE US A CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

LOOK HERE—READ THIS.

I have on sale the following line of goods:

The Good Value Stationery Package.

The finest and most valuable stationery package ever put up. Each pack-

age contains 6 sheets fine commercial note paper, 6 sheets fine tinted note paper, 6 sheets fine invitation French note paper, 18 envelopes to match, 1 beautiful palette, 1 Buckner's musical chart, 26 embroidery and needle-work designs, hints and helps for the housewife, 1 good American lead pencil, a good penholder and golden pen; and in addition, to each purchaser of one of these packages a large 32 page novel is given free. These packages are left unsealed so that they may be examined before purchasing. Price 25 cents. Call and see them.

I also have another stationery pack-

age called the "Household Package,"

which contains 12 sheets tinted note paper, 12 envelopes to match, 2 papers

best large eyed English needles, 1 pa-

per of the best quality of pins, 1 hank

of superior black-thread, 1 package of steel hair pins, and 1 dozen white agate buttons, all for 25 cents. These pack-

ages are also open to inspection. These same goods at a store cost 54 cents.

Needle Packages, containing 120 large-eyed English needles. The as-

sortment is as follows: 4 papers, 25

in each; 3 long cotton darning, 2 short cotton darning, 2 extra fine cotton

darning, 2 wool darning, 2 yarn darners, 2 steel bodkins, 3 button needles,

2 carpet needles, 1 worsted needle and

1 motto needle. Total retail value, 52

cents; I sell them for 25 cents and give

free a beautiful prize. These goods

are warranted to give satisfaction.

They have the advantage of large eyes,

being easy to thread; are made of sil- ver steel, which will not bend; and have drilled and burnished eyes; there-

fore will not eat the thread.

Album of Presidents. This is a hand

some album containing fine photo-

graphic portraits of all the Presidents

of the United States from Washington

to Arthur, with fac-simile autographs

of each, also date of birth, inauguration

and death. The portraits are not

common prints. Price, 20 cents.

Any one of the above packages or

album sent to any address by mail on

receipt of price in 1, 2 or 3 stamps.

C. E. STRUNK,

AVALANCHE OFFICE,

Grayling, Crawford Co., Mich.

and see them.

I also have another stationery pack-

age called the "Household Package,"

which contains 12 sheets tinted note

paper, 12 envelopes to match, 2 papers

best large eyed English needles, 1 pa-

per of the best quality of pins, 1 hank

of superior black-thread, 1 package of

steel hair pins, and 1 dozen white agate

buttons, all for 25 cents. These pack-

ages are also open to inspection. These

same goods at a store cost 54 cents.

Needle Packages, containing 120

large-eyed English needles. The as-

sortment is as follows: 4 papers, 25

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